



### When Pinkham Left Hawaii.

Considering the prominence attached today to the name of Pinkham, singularly little information is on tap concerning the folding of his tent and the stealing of himself away some five years ago, when he shook the dust of Hawaii off his feet and grimly announced that this was no place for an honest man. What makes the thick curtain over his movements on that auspicious occasion noticeable is that a few months before he had been in the exact center of the newspaper limelight, the prominent figure in as pretty a little political scrap as these tight little islands had known up to that time. When he was dashing back and forth between the Republican headquarters and the Bulletin office, getting endorsements for reappointment as a staunch G. O. P. office holder, his name was on every lip. He was wrangled over in chamber of commerce meetings, Republican politicians fought for the chance of signing his recommendations, the medical association ran rings around Governor Peary's office trying to land him back in his job with the board of health and the Governor was angrily denounced in Cunha's Alley for the way he was treating one of the pillars of Republicanism in Hawaii. Then he dropped out of sight. Achilles sulked in his tent, with the flags pinned down. Only the Bulletin knew where he was and even it could only reach him by mail.

From March to the middle of July Pinkham was in eclipse and the town almost forgot there was any such man. The Japanese were happy, the fellow clinic was suspended, Wallace got out of jail and Archerley forgot the voices from the sewers and put away his shooting iron. Then the Bulletin launched a Pinkham boom for the Republican nomination as mayor, this boom hitting the community on July 23, 1908, in the twenty-third edition, with circus type. By two-forty-five the giggle had got back to the Bulletin office and from that edition until the one of August 8, when there was a mention of his contemplated departure, printed in the Society's page, the Bulletin never mentioned Pinkham's name. He sailed for the Coast on the Manchuria on August 10, the only notice of the fact being his name in the passenger list.

The Advertiser, while it had more than the Bulletin to say about Pinkham and the attempt to boost him into the G. O. P. ticket for mayor, paid little attention to Pinkham's departure. It did mention incidentally, that Pinkham was going away for good, saying on August 7:

L. E. Pinkham sails by the Manchuria on Sunday for the Coast. It is understood that he leaves the Islands permanently. He says he never was a candidate for mayor of Honolulu.

Where Pinkham was going, what he intended to do when he got there, when he was coming back, if ever, were matters of so slight concern to Honolulu that none took the trouble to find out. Pinkham simply went away to stay and there were no tears shed.

### Hard Labor in Hilo.

Since the Kauai jailer locked two of his prisoners out one night and issued an ultimatum that if they couldn't get back from their rambles before sunset he would make them sleep outside, there has never been a more deliciously funny jail situation than the one now being enacted in the bright little city of Hilo.

Most people in the Territory know that Rufus Lyman was recently sent over for a term of years and that he was joined in jail a little later on by John Maguire, erstwhile auditor of the County of Hawaii. Most people, too, live under the impression that these two violators of their public trust are somewhere under guard, wearing the suit of felons and suffering from the consequences of their dishonesty. It will come as a shock, therefore, to learn that Rufus and John are living happily in the homes of their families in Hilo town, walking the streets as freely as any other citizens, lunking at the Hilo Hotel and having their little games of billiards, going to the moving picture shows and generally enjoying themselves. The Hilo policemen touch their caps when either of the pair passes by. They are welcome guests at the city hall. The only stripes adorning them are the fancy ones on their hole proofs.

For, be it known, Rufus is chief clerk for the graft commission and John is special adviser to the special prosecutor. Rufus handles all the confidential reports made to the commission by H. Gooding Field; John gives the high sign when the investigators are getting close to anyone.

Is it any wonder that Keolu laughs? Is it surprising that the average Hiloite is knocking to look suspiciously at the graft investigators and ask questions about the salaries and the probable holding out of the appropriation?

### That Same Old Subject—Clothes.

They are having a dog-day discussion in the mainland papers just now as to whether a woman in swimming should or should not be compelled to wear a skirt. A Chicago cop precipitated the debate by arresting one who had kicked off her overgarment and was disporting in Lake Michigan in blouse and bloomers. The magistrate dismissed the case against her. Probably he had heard of Mayor Peary's sapient remark that there is no sense in more man attempting to do anything regarding dress or undress on the part of woman, because she will do what she wants about it anyhow. This, by the way, is the wisest thing out honorable mayor has said for a long while, next to his statement that we need not expect him to be able to drive his automobile himself and think at the same time. Why he mentioned the automobile, though, is puzzling.

The mainlanders are not satisfied with the Chicago decision, however, nor have they said their last word on the general subject of the lack of women's clothes as prescribed by those all-important "they" who dictate the fashion. The leading complainants left are the editors of the religious press, one of whom, of the Wesleyan Methodist, says:

If girls had a faint idea of the disgusting sight they presented, or could hear some of the unmanly, dissolute remarks made about them as they pass along the streets clad in transparent veils, or one of those short, outlandish, tight-gripping, bubble skirts, they would feel so ashamed that if they had a spark of virtue left in them they would go to their rooms or get out of sight somewhere till they had a sensible dress to put on. How can they expect people to distinguish them from the low and corrupt if they dress exactly like them?

This gives the one responsible for the Vanity Fair column in the San Francisco Argonaut the opportunity of delivering the harshest slam yet printed regarding those modest maidens whose complaint is that they get so suborned now above the garters that they can hardly "dip" when the orchestra starts up. The Argonaut man, referring to the quoted paragraph, remarks:

Now, the assumption in that paragraph is unadmitted rubbish. Does the writer suppose that these girls are unaware of what they are doing, that they are merely frivolous creatures with no sense of the significance of what they are wearing? We are asked, "How can they expect people to distinguish them from the low and the corrupt if they dress exactly like them?" They do not expect to be distinguished from the low and the corrupt. They are frankly and unashamedly imitating the low and the corrupt. They have consciously chosen the low and the corrupt for their models. Those are their ideals and those the gods they worship, and as for the "disolute remarks made about them," they are perfectly well aware of those disolute remarks, that they dress as they do, and we have heard enough of those ridiculous assumptions of a mild innocence. It does not exist. The girl who dresses indecently or dancs indecently knows quite well what she is doing. And we are compelled to believe that the girl who dresses indecently or dancs indecently also thinks indecently and talks indecently.

### The Royal Rosetters.

Here is the latest war department decree for the regulars to ponder over. Recent orders state that a rosette will be issued to each person to whom the various Congressional medals and campaign badges have been issued. One rosette is to be furnished the holder of each medal and badge, to be made of ribbon of the same colors as those that pertain to such medal or badge.

Many of the officers and men in the service are the proud possessors of from one to half a dozen medals and badges, and the question arises will they wear the same number of rosettes as they do badges. Or will they wear a composite rosette composed of all the colors of the various ribbons to which they are entitled. The latter solution would be hardly feasible, as some of the medal ribbons are of three or four colors in combination, and it would hardly be possible to make up a rosette of the ordinary size to show the different medals possessed by the wearer of the rosette.

These rosettes are for optional wear with civilian dress. The local military folk would like to receive their rosettes, in order that they may, as possessors of rosettes, wear civilian dress as they have long desired. Should this ever be the case, we may yet be treated to the sight of some of our best known army officers, headed up the street in plain clothes, wearing on their lapels a column of rosettes resembling a string of low lights on a badge.

Prior to the issuance of this order the only persons rightfully entitled to wear ribbon rosettes were the members of the Loyal Legion, one or two military societies and foreign officers. These exclusive personages will now be as well pleased as were the Shriners when their own red turban was adopted by the Moose.

### Be Honest About It.

Instead of ~~being~~ deciding whether the fire that destroyed some thousands of dollars worth of Hailawa sugar cane was the fault of county employees and whether it is just that the damage should be paid for by the county, employers of the road workers who burned the cane, the idea of the lawyers is to have the case taken to the Supreme Court of the United States to find out if the county cannot dodge its responsibility because it is called a "county" and not a "municipality." This is the lawyers' game, the fine splitting of legal hairs and the collection of fat fees. Ordinary justice demands that the county pay for the cane if it is the county's fault that it was burned. Ordinary honesty demands it, and it matters not a tinkers' cuss word whether the county is a municipality or the municipality is a county or whether neither is either. It is a fact that the cane is burned; it is a fact that the burning of the cane means a loss of money to the plantation stockholders; it is a fact that the burning is someone's fault. Now, why not find out whose fault it was and let that party come through in an honest way and settle the bill. Getting a Supreme Court decision as to whether a county is a municipality or not is not going to help anyone but the attorneys who take the trip to Washington to read many precedents out of ponderous tomes. Why should there not be some clear connection between law and common sense?

### Noble Caught His Fish First.

Alfred Noble is a civilian to whom even naval officers pay tribute. He is the one selected by the secretary of the navy to settle once and for all the plinkins of the Pearl Harbor drydock, and the navy men had to chase him into the bush to get him to undertake the contract. When Secretary Daniels decided to pick out the best engineer in the United States, the most knowledge of concrete work, he began to ask advice. After he had made inquiries of six men of affairs and each one of them had mentioned Noble as among the three leading concrete experts of the world, he decided that Noble was the man he was after. Accordingly he took up the search for Noble. Where was Noble? None knew except in a general way and the best information obtainable by the navy department, after long distance telephoning, plenty of telegraphing and a lot of letter writing, was that Noble was off somewhere in the bush, up in the north end of Lake Michigan, where the black bass bite.

Now, thought the secretary of the navy, if Noble is as big a man as they say he is, it will not do to send after him with anyone but a real important man, so he despatched no less a personage than the rear admiral in charge of the bureau of docks and yards, instructing that official to bring back Noble. Into the Michigan woods went the rear admiral, but every time he got to the place where they told him Noble was, in camp he found that Noble had hiked on and was still one jump farther in the pines. But, finally, the admiral saw the smoke of a camp fire, getting closer, he located a rubber-boated, pipe-smoking figure, seated on a log, tying a gut leader on a silk line. The description answered to the man he was after.

"Are you Mr. Noble," asked the messenger of the secretary of the navy.

"I am," said the man on the log.

"Well, the secretary of the navy wants you to go to Honolulu right away. How soon can you start?"

"Just hang around for a few minutes until I get this fish that jumped," said Noble. "Then I'll start."

The admiral hung around; Noble had a strike in three minutes and played his fish for eight minutes. Then he landed it.

"All right," he said. "Now let's start for Honolulu."

### Grafters Want No Publicity.

It commences to look as if John Wise was wise beyond his generation. At least he knows better than to monkey with a buzz saw or to stir up a hornet's nest, and he is making no move to accept Senator Cole's invitation to sue him for libel, defamation of character slander or any other old thing that could be made out of the direct charges of grafting that Cole has made against Wise—if the charges were not true and capable of proof.

I am sorry that Wise cannot be even driven into the open. It would be an excellent thing for the way he misled the Territory during the last session of the legislature. It would be an excellent thing all around if the accounts of the legislature could be brought into court and analyzed by experts, because there is enough rottenness in those accounts to make even the thickest headed taxpayer gasp.

The translation graft, which is hoary with age, is one of the worst. It has been the grafters' pet preserve. Next to it is the typewriting graft. Wise's work in this was so raw a couple of sessions ago that Speaker Holtzeln was forced to take action, with the result that Wise was fired as clerk of the House.

Of course, just as long as the community wants to pay the grafters' bills, just that long will the legislators allow those bills to be run, getting their returns when voting days come around. The Hawaiian Tribune wants the Territory investigated; as the County of Hawaii is being investigated. I second the motion. I cannot prove that there has been any dishonesty going on, but any investigation that would scratch the surface of the legislative accounts would bring to light enough to make the Hawaii stealings look like thirty cents.

### Mother-Heart.

Not in the throes of her maternity.  
Nor when his first cry pierced her consciousness;  
Not when he drew his life with soft caress;  
From her white breast, not in that hour when he  
Besayed her arms' safe shelter tenderly;  
Nor when a dark day left him fatherless;  
Nor when she hid from him her heart's distress,  
And gave her years to watchful ministry—  
But when, man-grown, he brought her shame and woe,  
And came, a broken thing, to her once more,  
Sullen, sodden, seemingly devoid of good;  
Twas then that, feeble, her gray head bowed low,  
Yet mately yearning over him she bore,  
She tasted her full cup of motherhood.

—The Forum.

## The Situation in Mexico.

Written for The Advertiser by a Former Resident of Mexico.

Disorder approaching anarchy has prevailed in Mexico ever since Francisco I. Madero launched the revolution which overthrew the Diaz government. For several years preceding that event the entire country had been writhing internally in a silence born of fear of the Iron Man who had ruled the country since his triumphal entry into the City of Mexico at the head of a revolutionary army, November 24, 1876. We have been taught to admire and respect Diaz, and, indeed, the man who can maintain even the external forms of peace and prosperity in Mexico for more than thirty years is entitled to our respect and esteem, even though peace may have been purchased occasionally at the sacrifice of law and righteousness when these interfered with the policy or the personal ambition of the Dictator.

In his declining years Diaz became too autocratic even for a country which must be ruled by an autocrat. The popular outburst of indignation against his methods was organized into a revolution by Madero, whose voice was raised at the psychological moment to win an enthusiastic hearing. Madero did not create the situation which resulted in the downfall of Diaz; the situation created Madero. He did not dominate the revolution, but merely moved with it. He was the product of fortuitous circumstances, rather than the creator of a great crisis. Lack of personal magnetism, unimpressive in manner and speech, he was in no sense the heroic figure which Mexicans like to contemplate in their leaders. His popularity declined with the disappearance of the visible signs of his achievements in the field, and the spirit of revolution which he called to his support from the bloody tomb to which Diaz had consigned it, turned and destroyed him. Madero was almost certainly doomed to failure. His failure is indicative of nothing in the future of modern Mexico. It was the "deep damnation of his taking off" and the attitude of the people to his assassin which have a sinister look.

One of his initial successes by methods which are legitimate if they succeed. He was proclaimed a hero, then butchered like a wild beast. Huerta secured his present position by as foul and bloody a means as that for which we send criminals to the electric chair. Yet the "villain" of the people for Madero's assassin was as lusty and "patriotic" as had been the shouts for Madero only a brief time before.

In declining to recognize either Huerta or the government he has reared over the dead body of a real gentleman and distinguished patriot, President Wilson is entitled to the plaudits of all who stand for decency in government and legal procedure in civil affairs. In sending a special envoy to the City of Mexico in the hope of restoring order in the midst of chaos, he is demonstrating the earnest desire on the part of the United States to refrain from interference in the affairs of Mexico except by the recognized methods of diplomatic intercourse. But what will be the ultimate outcome? On this score no one can offer more than personal conjecture, but the reasonable probabilities of the future can be deduced from a consideration of the history of Mexico; the foundation of the present governmental structure, and the financial relations which exist between Mexico and other countries, especially the United States. Mexico presents a history which differs but little from that of other Central American republics. The story of her past has been one of revolutions, disorders and unsettled governments, until Diaz became supreme and by his wonderful personality compelled the country to obey his will. The present governmental structure rests upon treachery, violence, debauchery and murder. Revolutions have again become the recognized method of securing office and controlling graft for the benefit of the perpetrators of violence and crime. The people like it. They express their approval in an increased number of strikes and in the eagerness with which they applaud and follow any leader who can give them success and the chance to get the best things in life without imposing the disagreeable necessity of working for what they get. The people have enjoyed the splendor and lust of the cheap glory of successful revolution, and only the sternest rebuke will teach them to return to legitimate pursuits. The ferment of revolution is living in every barrio and preaching violence in every pulpit. In every direction where Huerta may turn, he, the former hero, is facing an armed rabble anxious for another chance to loot. Some of his enemies are fired with a frenzied desire to avenge the murder of Madero, some are honestly anxious to establish a decent and orderly government, but most are hungry only for the rewards of plunder. It is barely possible that, notwithstanding the refusal of the United States to recognize him, Huerta may succeed in defeating his enemies and in procuring his own election to the presidency by force of arms. If he does, it is highly probable that his reign will be short-lived, and his rule will be as oppressive and tyrannical as that of the only man in public life who possesses the integrity necessary to inspire confidence and the genius to govern a people so quick to turn upon and slaughter a former champion and hero at the instigation of any leader who has the power to harangue them with sufficient fluency and vehemence. Under the circumstances it is manifest that the throne of Huerta is tottering and that any day may witness its downfall; that danger lurks in every corner for anyone who may succeed him, and that there is no prospect of a stable government in Mexico for many years. In theory, altruistic and humanitarian motives might lead the United States to interfere, but such motives have never dictated the expenditure of millions from the public exchequer. Such expenditures are justified if it is good business policy to invest in the enterprise or when failure to interfere is more expensive and destructive than a resort to force. Such has been the underlying motive of practically all armed conflicts. Our military attitude toward Mexico is actually determined by our everyday business relations with that country; no matter what other motive may be publicly assigned as justification for interference. Our legal business relations with our neighbor have called about 50,000 Americans across the border, and under our treaty relations and the principles of international law these Americans are entitled to protection. It is vain to say that in entering Mexico our people have taken risks for gain and should bear the consequences; most of our people entered the country during the reign of Diaz, when all was calm, and have become rooted to the soil by their investments, which they cannot abandon except at the price of financial ruin. It is equally vain to say that Mexico is as yet too low in the scale of civilization to be adjudged free from liability for her acts. As next-door neighbor, observer of and associate with the United States throughout nearly 200 years of political existence, Mexico cannot be relieved from the responsibility incumbent upon all who are admitted to the family of nations. The man who is permitted to cross the threshold of any nation in which civilized government exists has an almost inalienable right to protection in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness under the laws of his adopted country. It matters not that the business which carried our people into Mexico is associated with powerful financial interests. The fact that Mexico is the greatest depository of silver in the world led our capitalists and miners to settle there. They were justified in going; they are entitled to protection in staying, and it is good business policy to sustain their rights even by force of arms.

If this nation is to maintain her economic supremacy she must control the mass of the world's supply of raw materials and useful metals. Among the most important of these are iron, coal and petroleum, silver and gold. Mexico produces more than 25 per cent of the world's supply of silver, a large quantity of gold, while the oil fields of Tampico are valued by an excellent authority to be capable of producing a million barrels of oil per day, and, moreover, at Donkey 500,000,000 tons of iron ore are above ground and as yet undeveloped. Toward such treasures as these the forces of capital turn with a persistence which is irresistible. More than one billion dollars have been invested in Mexico by American capitalists, while England, Germany and France divide the bulk of the remaining interests. Spaniards own much of the land and control the small business enterprises of the towns, while Mexicans control but a small portion of the great industries and have played but a minor role in the industrial development of the country. Practically all of the modern, good, sanitary and elevating in all this work have been Americans. Can any fair-minded person argue that the Americans who have performed these tasks are unworthy of the protection accorded an emigrant by the British nation? Or can it be said that proper protection has been accorded by the presentation of a railroad ticket to the Rio Grande involving the abandonment of a life's work to such men as the bandit Zapata.

The present difficulties in Mexico may be temporarily adjusted; the number of Americans in Mexico may be temporarily decreased; but revolutions with all their associated crimes will be frequent, the call of the call of wealth will be answered, and ultimately the United States will be compelled to raise a stern hand in the suppression of violence and in the protection of her subjects who have sought their fortunes beyond the Rio Grande.

Why not do it now?

## Directing Child's Play.

"The average leisure time for every man, woman and child in the United States amounts to about five hours a day. I do not hesitate to say that within a comparatively short time the leisure time of the masses will be much greater than it is now. The question, therefore, is: What are we going to do with all this time?" With the foregoing prelude, in which he introduced his theme, "Recreation," Professor L. H. Weir, secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, speaking at the chautauqua yesterday afternoon, launched some profound ideas upon the subject of child training.

"Christ said, 'And a little child shall lead them.' We are applying the same thing today; in our national life we are following the guidance of our children," he said.

"Fifteen years ago only a few of the larger cities had even ex-

perimental with the recreation idea. Today more than 700 cities and towns are directing the play of children. What does this mean? That the idea has grown into a movement for the betterment of the American people."

Professor Weir spoke of the playgrounds established in Kansas City. "You have developed to a point of excellence," he said. "Well, there are many persons who do not understand why we should seek to direct the child in the father of the man."

"In the first place the child is father of the man. If in early years he is brought up in idleness and without a purpose, he cannot hope to accomplish much in his mature years. Children should be taught how to play, that their normal energy be not misdirected. When they have learned to run, jump and skip in the right way, they never will fall into careless habits. The same thing is true of games. Everything engaged in by a child should be to some end. On this early training depends the whole future of the man. In other words playground directors are as necessary in our cities as school teachers."

"I have said the leisure time of the masses is increasing. Have we not noted the fact that legislators have passed laws regulating the hours of employment for girls and women? Other laws apply to men who are engaged in hazardous work. In some instances workmen are not allowed to work more than six hour shifts."

"When the farm was a complete economic unit, when we made our own candles, wore our own clothes and drew our water from the well, there was no leisure time in any man's life. But the growth of the cities has changed these conditions. Modern inventions have given us food, water and all the comforts of life close at hand. We press a button, and we have light; we crank our automobile instead of harnessing a team of horses. Thus the increase of leisure time."

"George Eliot wrote, 'Important as it is to organize and direct the industries of the world, it is more important to direct the leisure of the world.'"

"Out of misdirected leisure comes juvenile delinquency and adult crime. Our duty is to so train the mind and body of the child that every moment will be put to account. Above all bodily health is first, for without a healthy body our best thoughts for the children."

Outdoor exercise should be our first thought for the children. Other education will follow in its natural order." Those who attended the chautauqua yesterday afternoon and last night enjoyed among other things a sacred concert by the "Chicago Artists," a finished company of vocalists including Lillian Ringdorf, Earle Browne and Lawrence Lewis. Miss Ringdorf's clear soprano voice won her many encores.

This afternoon Rogers and Griley, a comedy team, popular for their good music and witty stories, will be one of the principal members of the program. Following this Chautauqua George H. Bradford, one of the most eminent Methodist-Episcopal divines of Oklahoma, will speak.

Tonight, following a second entertainment by Rogers and Griley, a debate will be engaged in by Henry Allen and Congressman Charles F. Scott.

## Small Talks.

FRANCIS BARNEY JOY—If necessary, I will promise to be good again. But what's the use?

"LINK" McCANDLESS—What's the use of landing a nomination if it's so hard to get the place?

A. M. CARRINHA (of Hilo)—While Keoluha refuses to resign I remain an undated candidate for his job of supervisor.

REGISTRAR MERRIAM—It's funny how people will make breaks. The other day I was pointed out as the Recording Angel.

MANAGER THURLE—There will not be any gambling around the hotels under my charge, if I have anything to say about it.

F. M. SWANZY—The Advertiser printed the right story about the Waikanae deal and that's why I did not write it any letter.

CLAUDRUS McBRIDE—This is going to be a battle royal between Brother Breckens and yours truly and the better man will win. Here's luck.

JUDGE COOPER—I guess, now that people have seen pictures of my island domain they will think there is really some shrubbery thereabouts.

IMMIGRATION KEARNS—M. A. Silva has returned from the outside islands full of stories and when he is around my old stock doesn't go any more.

SUPERVISOR PRITCHARD (or Hoonakun)—It's really foolish to spend your time and money trying to get elected when you can get in in another way.

AUDITOR J. H. FISHER—Seeing my picture in the paper the other morning reminded many people of the fact that I don't wear a beard any more.

CAPTAIN BERGER—There is urgent need for the supervisors to provide more seats at Kapiolani Park for the band concerts. This request should be heeded right away.

J. M. LITTLE—This water question would naturally give a man nervous prostration, but I'm back on the job and I will make some people take water, whether they like it or not.

DEPUTY CITY ATTORNEY WEAVER—The basis for the settlement of the dispute between the city and the Territory over water is very simple. The city simply pays the bill.

JOHN E. ROCHA—The Hilo band is showing marked improvement and while I was over there the other day I thought suddenly that my father-in-law certainly made a fine band leader.

MOTORCYCLE OFFICER CHILTON—The definition of speed in Webster's Dictionary is all wrong. Words have no significance in my business after I bring them into court, anyway. They are just sounds.

JUDGE ROBINSON—If my judicial colleagues think I have earned a vacation I am going to get off on Monday on a week's fishing cruise with the yacht Hawaii. I want to take a course on the law of the deep sea.

SENATOR C. A. RICE—I liked the polo game yesterday, but I was sorry for Maui. I have always been sorry for the Valley Islands and Kauai will try to avenge them next year. Just watch our smoke on the horizon.

COL. J. W. JONES, N.G.H.—There will be regimental drill this morning at Atkinson Park. I hope that it will show considerable improvement in the guard both as to training and numbers, over the last drill of the kind.

BANDMASTER BERGER—I have received a letter from Conn, the manufacturer of the instruments used by the Hawaiian band, in which he sends his best wishes to the men who have made Hawaiian music famous all over the world.

EDITOR ANTONIO OAK (O. Faheo, Hilo)—The suggestion that a statue of Kamehameha be erected in front of the Hilo county building is, I think a poor one. What is wanted is a heroic bronze replica of ex-Auditor Maguire, lest we forget.

MANAGER FARISA—Tony Medeiros struck out fourteen men last Sunday and Lawson only got the number of outs, but still they insist "Handsome" pitched rings around "Smiling" Tony. Really, I can't understand the ways of the world.

LAND COMMISSIONER TICKLER—I wirelessly my congratulations to Editor Kiney at Hilo over the close of the Waikanae deal and the next morning people were congratulating me, but it was altogether over something else. What do you think of that?

TREASURER CONKLE—For some time past I have been at sea to account for a somewhat well-defined stretch which kept being wasted into my office. After making several Sherlock Holmes investigations I find the putrefaction emanates from the banana claims court.

CONSUL GENERAL CANAVARIO—It must be pleasing to learn, after all this talk, that Portugal still insists at being represented officially at the Panama-Pacific exposition in 1915 and that an appropriation of \$400,000 for an exhibition building has not been rescinded.

SHERIFF JARRETT—I have had several conferences with Chairman Wirtz of the civil service commission over the police force and believe that he is as well acquainted with conditions as possible. The next six months will probably see considerable changes in the organization.

E. A. MOTT-SMITH—Ex-President Roosevelt certainly had a strong fast when he appended his signature to my commission as secretary of Hawaii, for that is the only thing I have to show that I still hold down the job. I believe Governor Peary also thinks as I do in this matter, but, of course, we usually agree on things in general.

ED TOWNE—Two volumes in my library I shall most carefully preserve, with added insurance. One is the House Journal of the 1911 session, which has more errors in it than any other book published since type was invented. The other is the Senate Journal of the 1913 session, which is the biggest piece of printing grafting I have ever seen.

CHIEF STEWARD JOHN COUCEIRO—I am deeply interested in the study of Esperanto and during the few days I have been in Honolulu have tried to get in touch with some student of the coming universal language, but without success. I can be found aboard the British steamer Mannington, now in port, until Thursday or Friday and I would appreciate if some lonely brother should call on me.